

the comfort of cold by Mouthbreather (scalding_coolness)

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Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers, mentioned - Character

Relationships: Eleven/Maxine "Max" Mayfield

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Summary:

"You woke up me up--." Max looked pointedly at the blue clock on the bedside table. "At 7:25 in the morning, might I add, because it's snowing?!"

Or

El loves the snow and Max isn't an early riser.

1. i. warm duvets and white blankets

Author's Note:

- For [gaps42](#).

Because I cannot focus one work at a time.

Summary for the Chapter:

El's eyes crinkled, her face breaking into a grin as she spoke. "Snow."

"Max!" Eleven tried to shake the redhead awake before glancing up at the window.

The redhead's only response was a low hum before she tucked her head further into El's side. Eleven shivered slightly when Max's nose tickled her insides before nudging the girl's shoulder once more, looking outside through the window longingly.

She couldn't tear her eyes away from the sight.

"El.." Max groaned pleadingly.

"Max, wake up." She forced urgency in her voice.

"Time?" The redhead rasped as she laid her arm across El's torso and went to pull the duvet over her face, grunting when it stopped short near her chest.

El rolled her eyes frustratedly as she glanced at the table clock.

"7:20." She answered, before gazing through the window like she had been for the past half hour.

"Max.." She started.

"Mhm, that's my name," The redhead said through a yawn.

"There's something outside." She whispered.

"What?"

"There's something outside." El said a little more forcibly.

Max jerked up then with her eyes wide open and hair sticking out in every possible, her head almost butting El in the face.

She held in the laughter bubbling in her chest at the sight. She knew the redhead always expected the worst of worse.

"What's wrong?!" Max rubbed at her eyes harshly before pulling the covers off of the both of them and standing up from the bed, not even bothering to so much as stretch.

El stared, a tad bit surprised before her heart melted. The taller girl was so cute when she fretted.

Max looked around the room with all signs of sleep gone. "Should I call the boys? Hopper? Where is my dammed radio?" She asked with her eyes flitting across the room.

She spotted her bag discarded against the wall beside the door and walked to it. "How bad-- wait, what is it, again?"

El's eyes crinkled, her face breaking into a grin as she spoke. "Snow."

"What?" Max turned to look at her with confusion written all over her face.

"You said there was something outside!" She pointed towards the window incredulously.

Eleven grinned as she nodded. "Snow." She repeated.

"I-- are you--?" She stopped short looking baffled. "You woke up me up--." Max looked pointedly at the blue clock on the bedside table. "At 7:25 in the morning, might I add because it's snowing?!"

El wiped her grin off of her face, furrowing her brows.

"No, don't you dare." Max warned, her face flush with mild anger.

It was always difficult to get her to wake up at any hour before 10.

El pouted and the fuming redhead rubbed at her eyes, flopping on the bean bag behind her dejectedly with a tired sigh.

She got up from the bed with just a small ounce of guilt churning in her stomach, but one look at the blanket of white covering the ground outside made it disappear in no time at all.

Looking akin to a puppy, she got down on her knees in front of Max, waiting for the redhead to meet her eyes.

The other girl did so soon enough and El said nothing as she stared into Max's eyes before leaning in and giving the girl a small peck on the lips.

Max leaned in further, intending to prolong the kiss, but El jerked away before their lips could meet. Max's brows furrowed instantly with questioning eyes.

"Brush your teeth, first," El said before standing up on her legs. "And come out with me."

She saw the definite no in the redhead's eyes before the girl even voiced the words and turned around to grab her jacket and gloves.

As she donned the apparel, she gave her girlfriend one last look. "Or you can just go back to sleep." She smiled before opening the door and closing it behind her.

Max stared at the closed door with her shoulder's slouched. She glanced at the clock once more and almost went to bed when she saw the time before her gaze fell on the window, seeing Eleven standing outside in the snow with her arms outstretched and her tongue out, trying to catch snow flakes in her mouth.

A literal snow angel. Max smiled at the sight.

Sometimes the girl reminded her of a toddler with the way she looked at everything as though she was seeing it for the first time. Her smile dropped at that thought. El had never gotten the chance be a child. 12 years of being trapped in a lab and one was ought to look

at the world outside, everything like a foreigner.

She shook her head, sighing as she turned left, towards the bathroom. Maybe she could wake up a little earlier every once in a while.

2. ii. snowballs and hot chocolates

Summary for the Chapter:

"Nothing." She shook her head with a sickeningly sweet smile before bringing up the fistful of snow in her hand and quite literally whamming it into Max's face.

Eleven laughed as soon as two lithe arms circled her waist before Max tucked her head into the crook of her neck.

"The bed isn't as comfy without you." Max murmured into her neck.

She squirmed at the feeling of Max's lips so close to her neck, shivering slightly with something other than the biting cold.

"I brushed my teeth like the good girl I am." The redhead continued with mirth dripping from her voice.

Eleven turned around in the girl's arm. "Really? Anything else?" She questioned with an ear splitting grin on her face.

"And I believe you promised me something." Max finished with a smile.

"Oh? And what might that be, exactly?" She brought her arms around the girl's neck.

"This." Max whispered before leaning in.

El cupped the nape of Max's neck with one hand, the other caressing her cheek as Max tilted her head to the left, kissing her softly.

She sighed breathily leaning into the taller girl before pulling away when she felt Max's breath on her cheeks.

"We should stop before the snowfall does." She reasoned, looking away when Max pursed her lower lip.

"It's cold." Max almost whined. She never whined.

"It's nice, it's good." She breathed out, leaning her head onto Max's.

She felt Max's eyes on her before she muttered. "It's cold, El."

She glared up at the redhead.

"I mean, cold is nice." Max rephrased and she shook her head at the girl.

"You are a buffoon." She commented before breathing through her mouth and seeing her breath turn into steam.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Max leaned back to look at her.

"It means you're ridiculous." She didn't even bother to hide her sly grin.

"You and your big words, big girl." Max chafed.

"Hey, look." She pointed towards their far left and her heart swooned when Max actually turned sideways in the direction her finger was pointing.

She ducked down quickly, scooping a handful of snow and stood back up with a chuckle.

"I don't see anything, babe." Max frowned at her.

And El laughed then, because this girl went around flipping people off and punching someone square in the face at least once a day yet here she was completely oblivious to her antics.

"What?" Max's frown deepened.

"Nothing." She shook her head with a sickeningly sweet smile before bringing up the fistful of snow in her hand and quite literally whamming it into Max's face.

"Ow!" The girl yelped as she jerked back, sputtering and trying to get rid of the snow.

"El!" She reproved and Eleven burst into a fit of giggles, watching

Max flail about.

"El, it's in my eye!" The girl yelled once more as she rubbed her eyes.

"Max, it's just snow." She said not between giggles.

The red head didn't reply and El looked up just in time to see her wince.

She frowned before stepping closer to the girl. "Let me see." She pried Max's hands away from her face, knowing for a fact that she would just make the irritation worse.

Max's nose had turned into the colour of her hair. She brushed the girl's hair out of her face, trying not to get Los in the girl's eyes as she tilted her head upward.

A light bluish lining stood out against Max's pale freckled skin, right under her eye.

"I think there was some debris in there." El whispered. "I'm sorry." She rubbed at the bruised skin tenderly.

"Will you make me hot chocolate?" Max asked with her eyebrows raised.

"Of course." She nodded. She had to make up somehow.

"Then it's okay." Max breathed out before she pleaded with her eyes. "Can we go back in now?"

Eleven didn't answer, instead taking Max's hand in hers and leading the both of them inside.

Sometime later she set two steaming cups of hot chocolate down on the table. Sliding one towards her girlfriend carefully.

Max mumbled a low 'thank you' before picking the cup up in her hands and blowing into it.

El sat there gazing at the redhead, wondering what she had ever done to be so lucky. She paid no mind to her actions as she sipped the

tongue scalding beverage and hissed immediately.

Max looked up at her with a frown before her lips broke into a teasing smile. "Who's the buffoon now?"

Notes for the Chapter:

I'll gift this to whoever tells me what reference I've used in this and from where exactly.

Hint: What, is there something wrong? I'm here to help.

My ring. I was getting some of this punch crap and...

- Your wedding ring? - It fell off.

Off and in there. My wedding ring is in there.

Also, reviews make me so happy!

Author's Note:

Let me know your thoughts!

The second chapter will be up tomorrow.